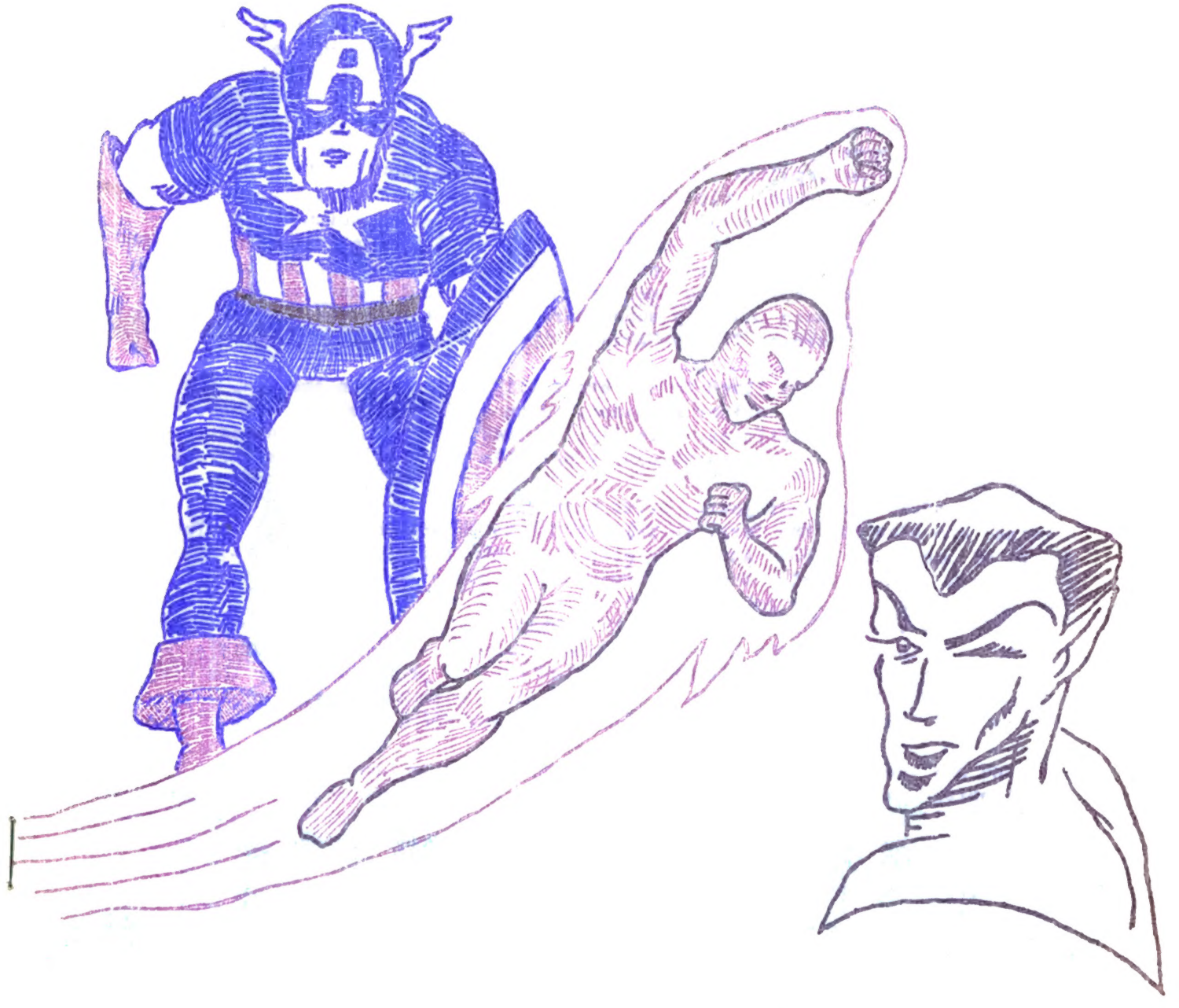
JEDDAK II



THE COVER: THE TIMELY TRIUMVIRATE

Art by Dan Crowe

In this issue we honor that great Golden Age company variously known as Timely, Marvel, and Atlas at different stages of its existence. It was a company that batted out a string of features in its hey-day that can still be read as some of the best comic book reading ever produced. In its era it was among the top three publishing companies, and for reasons of quality as well as quantity.

Reigning like a Third Triumvirate over the Timely-Marvel-Atlas empire of magazines were the Human Torch, Captain America, and Prince Namor the Sub-Mariner. The first two created were the Torch and Namor, born simultaneously in Marvel Mystery 1, and destined to clash again and again with resounding success. The Flaming fury began his career as a criminal tool, but fast became so law-biding that he was even made a member of New York's Finest. The Sub-Mariner, of course, started his life in comics as a relentless avenger and foe of surface humanity - one of the first "villains" to have a strip of his own. His conversion was inevitable, and eventually accomplished as Margaret Benignani recounts later on. Cap came to life some two years after in issue one of Captain America Comics. This was a bold move by the Timely people, to create a brand-new magazine and brand-new hero to populate it, but it paid off - and how did it pay off!

The ever-lawful, ultra-patriotic Cap joined the Torch and Sub-Mariner at the top of Timely's heap, and actually managed to become senior triumvir of them - possibly because of his formation of the All Winners Squad and direction of same.

For a long time they were the only characters to have their own, individual magazines. If the non-comic Miss America and ineffectual Namora and Sun-Girl are discounted, they were the only super-heroes ever to have their private stamping grounds in the vast herd of Timely-Marvel.

Heroes came and went; the Angel, the Destroyer, Miss America, the Golden Girl, Sun-Girl, the Whizzer all lived to die eventually; but Captain America, the Human Torch, and Namor the Sub-Mariner remained, going on like Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman did in the Fifties. Finally, in 1949, Marvel dissolved its super-hero line to devote itself to the particularly horrible brand of fantasia currently in the vogue.

When, after some four years, Atlas wished to take another crack at super-heroics, who else but the Terrific Trio should be chosen to be reborn in Young Men 24 of December, 1953? And along with them, their old partners Toro, Bucky, and Namora. That signaled the brief return of Captain America - Comic Smasher, The Human Torch, and The Sub-Mariner.

1954 saw those four magazines, with a fifth, Men's Adventures, play host to the finest from the history of Timely-Marvel -- then the ax of the Comics Code Authority dropped, and they were snuffed out, if you will excuse the mixed metaphors. The last to go was Sub-Mariner, which, with incredible tenacity, held on till the October issue in 1955. An era was formally at a close.

And now those first two, the Human Torch and Prince Namor, have risen again. The firebrand is again the champion of Justice, and the Sub-Mariner again a vengeful - as well as amorous - fury. As well we have the opportunity of seeing the third of the great ones, Captain America, return in glory. An era is formally opened.

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As you probably have noted, this is September's issue. July was skipped for the very good reason that it was in that month that our new issue came out. Hereafter we hope to maintain a bi-monthly scheduling, however subscribers may be assured that they will receive their full quota of issues.

A minor error to correct: "Under the Knife" last issue stated that Edgar Rice Burroughs' first published story, under the pseudonym of Norman Bean, was "Tarzan of the Apes". It was, in actuality, "Under the Moons of Mars", "Tarzan" being the second, and under Burs own name. Also, in addition to English, French, Arabic, Latin, varied African dialects, and the language of the apes, the jungle lord speaks Dutch, German, Pale-ola-Junese, Pelluciderian, Mountain, Thenarian, and so on, as well as being able to sign-language fluent. All this you may see for yourself if you have not already by taking advantage of Ballantine's simultaneous publishing of the first 4 Tarzan (first ten, that should be) novels. This is not only a remarkable feat, but it releases some remarkable literature in excellent paperbacked books onto the market.

ATTENTION! The Western Regional Science Fiction Convention - or Westercon - held its fifteenth annual conclave recently, and was able to be indulged in by the editor. Some bits of information have come to light from it: From Frederik Pohl, editor of If: Coming soon will be two pieces by Edward E. Smith - one of which is titled "Skylark Duquesne"!!! From Ed Wood, arch-fan: Due to the enormous popularity of Skylark of Space, Pyramid is coming out with the rest of the classic Skylark trilogy. If given proper encouragement, they may also get the Lens series!

We would like to take a moment to thank Victor Baron, Jer Crowe, Jergens, Gemignani, Rudy Franke, Sherman Howard, and Ralph Roslander for their fine contributions to this issue. And special thanks to Stan Lee and the Marvel Comics group for allowing us to use the illustrations appearing herein, as well as our gratitude to their talented originators!

In the world of comics: Marvel has introduced two new, sensational polyheroic groups, The X-Men and The Avengers, both destined for crashing success. FF Annual 1 has already become a modern classic with its 37-page tale of strife to rank with the best of the chronicles of past surface-Sub-Mariner warfare. Henry Pym has become Ant-Man with great success, and how Lemon Giant-Man with the promise of even greater glory. Steve Ditko has joined Don Heck and Stan Lee to produced an excellent Iron Man. A surprise for many acquainted with Steve's unique art style. Dr. Strange is blossoming into something modern comicdom has long been needing. A mystic entangled in color tinged liberally with weir. And the educational, as well as entertaining, "Tales of Asgard" feature has been added to "JIM" in the Mighty Marvel Comics. A contrast may be formed between the team up of Spider-Man and the Human Torch in SF Annual 2 and the Atom & Hawkman/Green Arrow fiasco in Brave and Bold 54. The only fault with the former pair was the lack of space for a real, hefty chunk of strange tale. The only laudable point with the latter duo is the concept behind them: the handling, art and story, fizzled utterly. A dull hope may be entertained for some manner of improvement in the next issues, with Hawkman and Aquaman. A far more triumphant pairing came about in JLA with the old Justice Society returning. At least here things were up to par (and I believe I have mentioned my opinion of that par, which is insufficient for the tremendous talent offered), and spiced by the nostalgia of seeing the All Stars back in action again. A move that is start to revive All Star Comics - at the expense of its modern equivalent - Mr. Solar is perhaps the greatest comic of the rising Gold Key line. Not only are these good stories, fine art, realism, and interesting characters, but an element of scientific plausibility! GK adds to their laurels with the forthcoming Korak - Son of Tarzan and John Carter of Mars.

We regret to announce the cancellation of the proposed "Flitcairn and Aeroman" strip by Mike Scarzelli and Marty Rosse. Due to the crowded aspect to date in taking on, space will not allow such bulky things as strips. Look for those two elsewhere, though! Both the "Titanic Twosome" and their creators!

EDITORIAL

THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

A group of some interest called the Comics Magazine Association of America recently had its ninth annual meeting. This venerable old organization is commonly known to readers of comic lore as the "Comics Code Authority", founders of that selfcensorship Code we know so well. The president, John L. Goldwater, gave an interesting, morale-boosting, drum-beating, and possibly amusing talk in honor of the occasion. High points may be summarized thus:

As the recent Supreme Court rulings have for the most part removed government censorship except in the cases of extreme obscenity, the producers of "mass media" are faced with great responsibility - especially the producers of the "mass media" that reach "young people". Some sort of voluntary censorship and regulatory program - such as the CMAA's - is necessary to protect tender youth from "the type of material which would be harmful to their morals and proper development".

That few can find quarrel with, I believe. However, Mr. Goldwater continued by expressing alarm that "a growing number of publishers do not belong to the association", saying that a "considerable number" of comics appear on the stands minus the distinctive Code badge of sanction. He concluded that the CMAA cannot thusly protect the public "against the infiltration of objectionable material in comic magazines on an industry-wide basis".

It is possible that Mr. Goldwater conveyed a wrong impression. A well-stocked stand may contain roughly equal parts Code and non-Code material. The bulk of the latter, however, is made up of Dell and Gold key magazines, bearing such titles as Donald Duck, King Leonardo, The Beverly Hillbillies, Dr. Kildare, The Time Machine, et cetera. The subject matter is either far from objectionable, or is available at the scheduled time by flipping the dial. Another good measure lies in Classic Illustrated's non-Code magazines, which have been endorsed from the PTA on up.

I have yet to find truly objectionable material. It is not impossible that the comic version of a movie, toned and watered down though it is, and in itself inoffensive, might seduce "young people" into partaking of movies classified as "Objectionable", "Adults", or even "Adults and Adolescents" by the National Legion of Decency. It is worthy of note that Dr. No, an "Objectionable" in Legion listings, came out under the Code seal and sanction.

A possible area of potential harm might be found in the varied "romance" magazines - which outnumber those carrying super-hero and fantasy-SF features. All romance comic magazines within the pale of my knowledge carry the CMAA approval stamp.

It would be interesting to have Mr. Goldwater point out those comic magazines which he finds objectionable to the standards of the CMAA. Code stamp or no Code stamp, the material on the market is perfectly good, wholesome, and full of Ma's apple pie - in spirit, at least. One might shy away from mentioning this if one were eager to arouse the excitable masses to clamor for more companies joining the CMAA - though this is most probably not the case here. The fact remains, however, that Victor Fox, his line of female criminals from Wimsky's, and such publishers do not exist any longer. You might take the gradual return of violence, sex, and realism to comics as harbingers of a new Foxy era - or you might take them in the light that they are a healthy reflection of real life at last coming back in vogue after years of stagnation by milktoast products. Between snow white and coal black exists a happy medium we and psychiatrists like to think of as "normal". The Code was once needed to sweep out the coal-dust - however driven snow all about is not Nirvana, either.

JEMMORIAL COMMENTS

Jaddak I was a very fine first issue. I especially liked the idea of a number of short articles by a variety of fans reviewing the current comics and their old counterparts. "Under the Knife" was just right for the many non-ERB fans, and "The Nemesis of Evil" was outstanding fan-fiction -- I wouldn't be surprised to see it nominated for an Alley...

Jerry G. Bails
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Warren, Mich. 48091

(Praise taken care of by the father of the comic book zine, learned scholar, and active fan Jerry Bails, we continue on with the edited comments of our vocal readers. First, however, we would like to thank all of you who wrote in complementing us on Jaddak I. We hope to maintain the same standard, and, of course, try to keep improving as well.)

...The Supe Family of comics has been overwoked to death, all right; but at least they do print a few interesting stories showing what would happen in real life... The imaginary series just takes the place of "dream sequences" and the like; but it is better than having the latter all the time. While these tales are fresh, just about all the others are carbon copies of previous stories and aren't worth buying;...Comics like Strange Sports Stories, Rip Hunter - Time Master, Challengers, etc. are not worth scanning through and I ignor them completely, as I do The Fly and The Jaquar. As long as NPP and the rest can show a profit off any of these comics, though, they will publish them, and even if some of them were to go under due to lack of sales, I bet they wouldn't be replaced by anything better. Enough of these cheap comics would have to fold to force NPP to either be more like Marvel or go under themselves - and then we would see some action! Not much danger of that, though, as too many of the people who buy comics don't care what it is as long as it is in the line they like...Especially the ones whose parents buy a comic and the kids just look at the pictures. While the majority of these buy the Donald Duck type of comic, there are still some who buy Wonder Woman once in a while...I'd like to see a 25¢ JSA annual myself; but the only chance for it is that the JSA-JLA two-parter will be a big success, and enough readers will like the JSA to want more; and then after more, still want more; and so on until eventually we'll get a JSA annual full of reprints of the JSA-JLA stories the readers liked so well. It is too much to hope for that thye would give long, new, and entirely JSA stories in a 25¢ annual...(a lengthy suggestion for an index to the reprinted tales in NPP annuals to give the readers the facts about how they are virtually being gypped.)...The main thing wrong with "Nemesis of Evil" is that I have to wait till the next ish to read more on it. If the rest of it is anything like the first, you have a real winner on your hands, and any strictly comic fan that thinks it is a waste of space can go back to reading A-E and the other all comic zines, since there is more than just comics to be enjoyed, and pieces like "Nemesis" and "Under the Knife" are just as enjoyable reading as any comic article...

John McGeehan
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Santa Ana, Calif. 92701

(Rest assured, John, that "Nemesis" was liked by all - even A-E readers (And originators). * An interesting idea would be to abolish the Legion of Super-Heroes and put "alternate Worlds" tales of the old Society and its members in that spot. You might clear out Superboy, as well. Only give them Infantino and Fox if you do, NPP! * Superman and his family, as well as Batman, have been sorely maligned by me. I humbly appologise. Superman is not a hero for the comic fan who reads, publishes, and collects zines, or who has mint issues of All-Star in his collection, or who critically evaluates characters, stories, and art. Superman is a national institute of the same type as Lassie, Dainty Moore, or the Teddy Bear - he is for the children. It is children who support him (and probably NPP, as well), and they can be fed

with extremely low cost material since they don't need anything else. Giving Superman stories like Spider-Man, or the Fantastic Four, or Dr. Solar, would be like making Rin Tin Tin the Hound of the Baskervilles, or giving Huckleberry Hound an hour-long dramatic series. Superman is a Mighty Mouse played straight, and unfortunately NPP doesn't quite realise that, so they infest their other characters, who are not of the same variety, with Supermania.)

...Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, and Superboy are tired. They've outlived their usefulness. That these things (Look, ma, no cuss words!) make money cannot be denied, but I personally would rather see more on the order of the Doom Patrol. No, Flash, Green Lantern, and the JLA seldom realize their great potential, and this is regretable. Yes, storywise Marvel has NPP whipped all hollow...

Sherman Howard Jr.
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Cleveland 28, Ohio

(Sherman, by the way, authored the excellent "Enter the Vampire" in this issue.)

...Happily Batman seems to be shaking off the Super influence lately and becoming a detective again, but he's still got a long way to go. Sure the super-heroes could stand more plausible origins and better use of their powers than they now have, as Bill Gregory suggests. A stronger dose of accurate science would indeed be helpful and welcome, and the comics have made progress in this direction in the last twenty years (Notably in Dr. Solar and the books under the Schwartz aegis, though even there huge goofs are common). How about sending Fox, Broome, Hamilton, Lee, et al subscriptions to Scientific American?! Fred Bronson isn't the only one to be disappointed by the paucity of old material in the DC annuals. His criticisms are all too well based. But let's take heart: The Flash Annual is promising, and the FF Annual may impel DC to initiate original 37-plus pagers in future giants. Maybe some JSA adventures may even be reprinted! Dave Bibby provided a fine review of old Captain Marvel. Personally, I never carred much for the good captain (with the exception of a few very excellent stories) for one of the very reasons Dave gives for liking him: Capt. was too cartoony a creation for my taste, and his "comedy" amused me only on scattered rare occasions (as, for instance, when Sivana Jr., defeated for the umpteenth time by Capt. Marvel Jr., exclaimed that "at this rate I'll never get to be Prince of the Universe!"). I've never heard of Freckles Marvel before, but Uncle Dudly Marvel, surprisingly who defeated Black Marvel, a very interesting villain, was just an old geezer with no superpowers who simply donned a costume and accompanied the Marvels (being carried by one) on their adventures. Black Marvel was a bad guy who was given Dr Marvel powers by Shazam back in the distant past, but when he turned evil, Shazam hurled him into the future, where he tackled, but could not be defeated by, the Marvel Family. Uncle Marvel tricked him into saying the name Shazam, thus turning him back into his human form - which was dust, because of the intervening centuries...I'd like to see Spectre back myself (despite his omnipotence), preferably along the lines of the Alter-Ego revival. And J'onny, in my not-so-humble opinion, was better off in the early days when he had the more mystic powers. Pity they had to go and Supermanize him...I see little or no resemblance between Burroughs and Mickey Spillane, and I consider the comparison little short of an insult. Otherwise - well done.

Dick West
32 Belcher Circle
Milton, Mass. 02186

(I doubt if Lee, for one, would have time to unwrap Scientific American, much less read it. He strikes me as the modern Alexandre Dumas - who never read his books once they were printed, because he was too busy writing more material! * The comparison between Burroughs and Spillane came when I referred to the basic type of fiction they write: action-adventure stuff. This is the type the populance goes for - Kennedy reads Ian Flemming, doesn't he? (Of course, if he followed the "Buy at home" policy, he should be reading American authors, like Mickey...) In any case,

I humbly and publicly extend my appollogies to you and all fans of the Master, Mickey Spillane - whom I read and certainly enjoy -, who caught any breath of offense in the inference.)

...No use praising something if it's good; you know it's good. If something's bad, they you should go into detail and give criticism (That's what annoys me about NFF's lettercols, by the way)...As for the bad, I'm going crazy over those misconceptions bounding along through fandom, and, surprizingly enough, gathering terrific mass and momentum -- one day they'll probably be legends. One is that the J'onzz origin in Secret Origins was slashed. It was NOT. Detective 225, in my collection, has the whole thing, six pages of promising, but as-yet-unfulfilled JJ story. The thing just ends, with no explaination at all...Then there's the myth about Fawcett's demise due to DC's suit, which I'm sure you can explain... (Seriously, Fawcett just signed a consent decree. But howcum they can reprint Marvel if they went (Cap, that is)?)...Frankly, I thought The X-Men was just a poor, mutant FF, although far superior to FF 1. I'm confident it'll improve, after seeing the improvements in FF and Spider-Man since early 1962...

Paul Gambaccini
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Westport, Conn 06882

(According to Jerry Bails, in The Rocket's Blast 20, Fawcett signed an out-of-court agreement along with a juicy bundle dropped at NFF's doorstep. The agreement stated that Fawcett would not publish any more of the Captain or his kin, no more, no how. Jerry also mentioned that Gold Key now has the rights to many old Fawcett heroes - so keep those cards and letters flowing, friends! An odd point, though, is that I believe the Marvel family is still in print in some foreign clime - are their international lawsuits, I wonder? * The X-Men, in humble editorial opinion, was excellent. The Marvel group-type action, warmth, realism, humanity, fraternity, chaos, animosity, bloody murder, and friendship should be spread around farther than the Fantastic Four. Fantastic Four action on the part of heroes with different powers is not merely frosting on the Marvel cake - it's a cake by itself! The Avengers, of course, are in a different class than the X-Men or Four. The latter two are squads who work as teams, while the former is more of a collection of heroes who get together simply to be able to spread their talents more effectively around the globe, ala All Winners Squad and early Justice Society (Before the teaming up began). Naturally any threat great enough they would handle united - say if the JLA invaded their universe...)

* * * * *

#2 MASK AND CAPE #2

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* * * * *

Note: Margaret Gemignani is the authoress of the excellent Sub-Mariner segment dealing with his early life in this issue, as well as "Who's Who In Timely" following. Also, Maurice Gardner, advertised in Mask and Cape, is the pro author of the fabulous and exotic Bantan series of books.

THOSE WHO IN TIMELY

By Margaret Gemignani

THE HUMAN TORCH - A synthetic man with the ability to burst into flame at will. The Torch's usual costume was red with yellow belt and trim, and it for some reason endured even while street clothes he wore over it went up in smoke.
TORO - A questionable, though human, partner and ward of the Torch, with like powers. He wore black trunks that acted similarly to his guardian's costume.
SUN-GIRL - A female replacement for Toro. Blonde, with a golden costume and black trimmings. She used a "sun lamp" and had some strength.

The Human Torch with Toro, and later Sun-Girl, as his partner appeared in Marvel Mystery 1-92, All Winners throughout both volumes, All Select 1-10, Captain America 19,21-73, Daring 10,11, Human Torch, Men's Adventures# 27,28 in his Fifties revival, Sub-Mariner 33-39, and Young Men 24-28, also in the Fifties. Toro appeared without the Torch in Young Allies, Amazing 1, and Mystic 4-on. Sun-Girl took Toro's place in Marvel Mystery 85, appeared in Human Torch to be herself replaced by Toro, went solo in All Winners (2nd volume) as well as appearing in the Torch's stories, and finally had two or three issues of Sun-Girl.

CAPTAIN AMERICA - A not super hero with great, but not inhuman, strength. He wore his famous red, white, and blue costume with the bullet-deflecting shield.
BUCKY - Cap's ward and side-kick, with not even strength, and a junior version of America's costume - without a shield.
BETSY THE GOLDEN GIRL - An adult, female Bucky in similar costuming - though red.

Captain America and Bucky appeared in All Select 1-10, All Winners, Captain America, Marvel Mystery 82-92, USA 6-17, and the same Fifties issues as the Torch. Betsy replaced Bucky in Capt. America 66 and later Marvel Mysterys. Bucky appeared solo in the same issues as Toro.

PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER - Reviewed later on in the issue, as is his cousin: NAMORA.

Sub-Mariner appeared in All Winners , All Select 1-5, 10, Daring 10,11, Human Torch 1-32,36-38, Marvel Mystery 1-91, and those Fifties revival issues. Namora accompanied him at various times in his career and had her own Namora Comics.

THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY, commonly THE YOUNG ALLIES - a group composed of Bucky, Toro, and ordinary mortals Jeff, Knuckles, Tubby, and Whitewash - the last a Negro. No formal uniforms, except for Toro and Bucky's individual costumes, although each character had his own usual style of garb.

They appeared in Young Allies, Amazing 1, Mystic 4-on, and Kid Comics 2-on.

THE ANGEL - An agile, shield-less Captain America specializing in horror, the mystic, and suspense. His costume was blue with a red cape and yellow wings insignia on chest, and somehow left a lasting winged shadow, possibly symbolic.

He appeared in All Winners 1, Daring 10, Marvel Mystery 1-79, Mystic 3, and Sub-Mariner 1-20.

THE DESTROYER - He it was superhuman, but powers undefined - nothing spectacular, agility, muscle-work, etc. His skin was blue and pupil-less, iris-less eyes were yellow. Wore grey with red trimmings, red and blue stripped legs, and a red hood that covered his head like hair.

He was in All Winners 2-12, Amazing 1, Daring 11, Mystic 6-10, and 3,4 of second volume, USA 6, 8-12,14-17.

MISS AMERICA - Timely's Wonder Woman, Superman, and Captain Marvel rolled into one, with flight, the strength of a thousand, the wisdom of the ages, and X-ray vision. This last power later dropped and she wore glasses.

She was in All Select, All Winners, Marvel Mystery 82-85, and Miss America - actually a girl's magazine on the order of Boy's Life, but without scouting.

Those were the prime Timely-Marvel characters. There were countless others - Thunderer, Vision, Huricane, Secret Stamp, Rockman, Major Liberty, even a comic Stuporman -, but these achelved the greatest success during their careers. The formula seems to have been a good one, for most of today's Marvel characters, though more elaborate in many cases, still follow the grand traditions set down by those action heroes of old.

And that was the key word: Action! Captain America didn't need super-powers to become one of the most popular of all Timely-Marvel characters; his stories crackled with action, adventure, mayhem, menace, death, destruction - "everything that makes life worth living", as they say. The Angel was menaced by as weird and unusual a collection of characters as you could never hope to meet; Destroyer used his fists like Superman uses powers - but with infinitely more pleasureful results; the Sub-Mariner was an unorthodox, free-and-easy, buccaneering gay blade. All that is incarnated in, for one, Spider-Man.

Character rivalry found its most violent birth in the Torch-Namor fights, and even after their peace had been made, the two carried on a friendly rivalry. Another example was the constant battle for supremecy in the Young Allies between Toro and Bucky - nothing was ever settled, though Bucky managed to appear to do most of the directing.

As with many comics of the time, the Timely ones had lively humor in their stories - though it was far from the corn-ball depths many sank to. This good-natured approach to the job of dragon-slaying and damsel-rescuing has again made its appearance, and again in Marvel - though fortunately without the windmillish aspects indulged in by some.

The art was "mood", as well as often hauntingly three dimensional (See: "The Once and Future Squad" later in the issue"). There was a somberness, alive with anticipation merely by its nature, that is for the most part unduplicated today - though again Marvel has scored in having the closest thing to it.

All that, however, was in the individual "Golden Age" of Timely-Marvel, nearing the end of World War II it began to slide after only five years of existence. Soon things were good, but not exceptional - and occasionally quite horrible, as "blood for blood's sake" and "grue for grue's sake" came in. That had been good natured "Thud and Blunder" began to become more "Blood and Thunder" and soon was pure blood. The era of carnage and torture for the sake of a waif's dime hit, and Marvel went right in there swinging.

Of course, not every story was that bad - it, of course, depended on the writer. Many were good in the sense that they didn't have bodies cluttering up every panel, and fair maidens being fed to the vultures. They didn't have the delightful qualities of vintage Timely. As for the bad, they certainly weren't as bad as the ones with genocide an interesting sideline and larcenous gals hacking or being hacked into vividly bloody bits. At that period, Marvel - as it was now called - was par for the course.

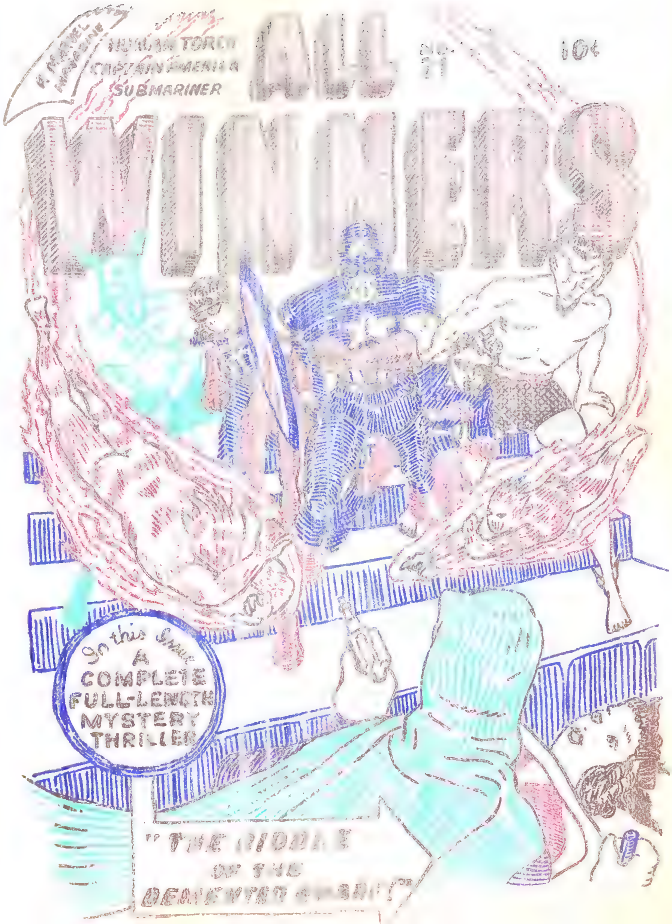
Finally all the adventure, action, and super-heroes lapsed into pure fantesy of the type mentioned above. Briefly in the early Fifties Atlas - the new name - made a comeback with the three favorites, Cap, Torch, and Namor, but it didn't last. An era was over and the Dark Ages were beginning (Odd how the comics Dark Ages period was characterized by lily-white drabness) under the crook and flail of the Comics Code.

The protean company first Timely, then Marvel, then Atlas lapsed into the Sleeping Beauty state of abject mediocrity, with its former glories gone, and its future ones still quite a ways off.

Eventually they did throw off the shroud as MC - another new name, which blossomed into the familiar Marvel Comics -, but that will be told next issue.

DESTROYER

SUN GIRL
MISS
AMERICA
GOLDEN
GIRL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"THE RIDDLE OF THE DEMENTED GHOST"

By Ralph Mislander

This is a reproduction of the cover of All Winners #1, which contained the second and last appearance of the All Winners Squad. The story involved a visitor from the future with his eye on exterminating the human race so that his people can migrate back in time from their dying, Mars-like world of 1,000,000 A.D. Enlisting the aid of Madame Death - a prostitute for a morgue, doubtedly - he attempts, with various methods, to wipe out life on our five major continents. Australia he did not count, probably because it needed no artificial help in becoming uninhabited - or maybe it reminded him of home. His attempts were at long last frustrated by the All Winners Squad. The story was mis-named "The Riddle of the Lopsided Dwarf", having a cover nothing like the interior action, as well.

Chapter	Heroes	Area
I - "Menace From the Future World"	The All Winners Squad	North Am.
II - "The Green Plague"	Captain America and Bucky	Europe
III - "Murder in Slow Motion	The Whizzer	South Am.
IV - "Wave of Destruction"	Prince Namor the Sub-Mariner	Asia
V - "The Living Dead"	Miss America	Africa
VI - "Flames of Fury"	The Human Torch and Toro	North Am.
VII - "War Between the Worlds"	The All Winners Squad	North Am.

Principal Characters - Powers, Abilities, etc.

The Human Torch and Toro - Ability to [illegible] protection from ray-gun blasts by flame sheath.

Captain America - The Strength of an Arked ox.

Bucky - Captain America (Not his power, but Cap himself).

The Sub-Mariner - Ability to breath and converse under water; immunity to temperature and pressure extremes; the strength of an enraged whale.

Miss America - Ability to [illegible] and [illegible] when [illegible] strength of a full-grown male and equal to that of a mid-sized grizzly bear.

The Whizzer - The speed of a frightened mongoose.

The Future Man - "Mental Waves" making possible death, telepercepticn, telekinesis, etc. (Some "demented" dwarfs)

Madame Death - A listing of notorious and co-operative criminal gangs; a degree of femininity (Very important, because male heroes were too chivalrous to strike touch, or otherwise manhandle a female). Miss America had some handy scenes topping Madame.

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THE COMICS AND FUTURE [illegible]

By Paul E. Moslander

Possibly to combat the menace of the Justice Society of America, Timely Comics created the Young Allies. This was scarcely an adequate team, it is to be admitted, but, then, this is merely conjecture. Perhaps the Allies in reality contended the Newsboy Legion and the Guardian - for which name they won a battle each issue. However, the Sentinels of Liberty, as the Allies were formally called, died unceremoniously as an organization in the fall of 1946. This did not leave Marvel (save the upper left hand corner of the magazine cover of AW 21) without a group to defend the Nation's end, however, for although loosely knit, some team being a force that could well beat the All Stars to a standstill or worse: The All Winners Squad. It appeared in All Winners Comics, a mag to be published at that time by Young Allies Inc. - and which had previously been put out by USA Comic Magazine Corp., an interesting fact for the curious to dwell upon. Either All Winners lost the sponsorship of Young Allies, or the magazine failed to race in enough to remain a profitable venture, for within two issues after the Squad's spawning, the comic dropped from the sight of man. If the question of why the magazine failed is moot, even more so is the puzzler of why this feature was not simply switched to another of Marvel's many products - several of which certainly needed the help.

While the Young Allies would have had a devil of a time against the JSA, the All Winners Squad was ready, willing, and quite able to battle National's crew on land, sea, and air. The land was covered by the Whizzer and the great team of Captain America and Bucky; the sea was held by its monarch, Prince Namor the Sub-Mariner; and the air had the Human Torch, his ward Toro, and Miss America to safeguard it. Together these stars made an unbeatable team, as they proved in AW 19 and 21 - 20 did not exist; this quarterly magazine had 19 as its fall issue and 21 as its winter one.

In their first epic solo, the All Winners Squad united under the general leadership of Captain America to tackle the Red Skull - oddly enough, the Young Allies' regular enemy not only did this new group inherit the Sentinels's publisher, but their arch-villain as well! A further heirloom was the Allies' art style, which also prevailed in other magazines and features - notably Captain America. It was that peculiar and distinctive style of drawing where limbs, heads, props, et cetera were allowed to flow out into adjacent panels, which were irregularly shaped to suit scene and mood. This created an interestingly three-dimensional effect, though some unreality was introduced when, for example, the Sub-Mariner literally dove into another panel portraying a scene now related to the one he was leaving. The inking had a bright crest to it, though shadows were used to advantage in many spots. This was unlike the more somber, mood-creating style found in former Timely tales, and current Marvel ones.

The second Squad adventure pitted the 1946 chivalry against a dwarf from 1,000,000 A.D., who called himself the Future Man for rather obvious reasons. It was a "complete full-length mystery thriller" that was no real mystery, and full-length only in the sense that there was a basic thread of plot and villainy common to each of seven story segments. The first segment laid the scene, the following five starred the All Winners in individual efforts, and the last held the final round-up with all the Squad members in united action. Each of the seven had its own plotting, scene, and action, and could have been done independently of the others. Still, they stood together as one glorious enterprise.

The writing for the stories was good, and had the glib dialog of the times - and of Marvel features in particular. Action was free and easy, with fisticuffs not wanting, and enough death to add visual confirmation to the thought that these

[illegible] the thrills into the turf wars in a way unrecognizable under Comics Code domination. (For Code practitioners all death was handled tastefully, and not in the blood-bath style that aroused so fever pitch the "public" of later years. All in all it was far less mind-warping, [illegible] Legion of Decency)

As above. The Justice Society had read [illegible] to look [illegible] to their laurels. It was undoubtedly with a [illegible] that they greet the sumptuous debut of All Winners #2.

Read [illegible] All Winners Squad [illegible] to point to and say like [illegible] Later [illegible] Squad [illegible] the startled eyes of the JSA hero. The art in not only different but [illegible] (Simon & Kirby); it's unusual to see of Captain America and Human Torch, Sub-Mariner and a new [illegible], Miss Phenom, were featured and [illegible] began to decline, it was the Golden Age. A very welcome sight indeed to a set of very wary All Stars.

"The One and Future Squad" is the title of this article - with apologies to T.H. White and his excellent, recommended novel - for having existed once the All Winners Squad spanned several years in spirit to give us The Avengers! The spiritual descendents and occasional allies of the Justice Society have greeted the event with a well merited cold sweat.

Instead of clobbering together as unstable groups made necessary by congestion of roster, and "Held by a nasty precedent set by the JSA, the two years work individually each after his own mode - trouble, of course, always ready to snap a member in twain. The separate characters thus preserve their own [illegible] flavor, instead of blending into one single stereotype. Fortunately they are not restricted merely to the set limits of a campaign, beyond which they cannot transgress, and so are free to crop up any place [illegible] the story time and plot allows. Each character is also handled by the man who created him, and the knows him far better than some other writer who, however competent, is still a different writer with no thorough knowledge of the individual characteristics of each hero and villain.

The monumentally important art question is easily solved in the Avengers' case by having the artistic [illegible] nearly every character portraying over his brood. This stagnant [illegible] of the situation where a character is distorted by another's art style, good or bad.

For starts, The Avengers is not lacking. Admitted, none are the genius that Sub-Mariner, Captain America, and [illegible] Human Torch were, but that is more detail, as quality is quality, whether a hero has his own magazine and half a dozen feature spots a roll, or merely a [illegible] spot in one. One thing the Avengers have in quantity is quality.

Fortunately, neither The Avengers nor Vista Publications should lapse in the near future. Thus insuring the continued triumphs of the avenging squad. The marvel heroes of yore can look down with pride upon their descendants. It would be heart-warming if the Justice Society could do likewise.

THE COMIC MIRROR #2

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By Margaret Genignani

PART I : WHY? THE BOYHOOD OF THE SUB-MARINER

Why is a man the way he is, and what has caused him to become the type of person he is? For this answer we must examine his earlier, less-known years. In this brief dropping of the veil which has clouded so much of his past, we can find an insight into the troubled personality of Namor, the Sub-Mariner.

He was born of Princess Fen, daughter of the emperor of the green sea people, and Commander Leonard McKenzie of the United States Navy, assigned to conduct certain tests off the coast of Antarctica. The tests disrupted the polar kingdom of the green Sub-Mariners, and so the luscious, half-human Fen was sent to "persuade" McKenzie to leave off his work. The "persuasion" resulted in the conception of the child Namor, and also his orphaning in an ill-advised attack on the landsmen by the sea people, who were eager to prove their superiority. Perhaps it was because the attack caused so much loss of life among the Sub-Mariners and the loss of her own love that Fen named her child to be Namor - "the Avenging Son".

Another son of importance was Bryaan, "Prince of Seals", later warlord of the sea men. His father was the same emperor who had wived Fen by an earlier marriage. Bryaan later played a decisive part in the life of the boy who was his half-nephew, though they were of roughly the same age.

Not much is known of Namor's early years, but at the age of ten we have a sight of his boyhood. Namor had grown up with all the promises of strong, hardy manhood coming into being. He was advanced over his green-skinned fellows. The long history of intermarriage (Fen was neither the first, nor the last, sea girl to love a surface man; and she herself was half-surface woman) gave him winged feet supplying the limited power of flight, greater strength than the normally powerful Sub-Mariners, and the ability to stay on land far longer than any of the other sea men. His light skin and more human features set him off from his race, but his abilities made him popular with his people, and he was well liked. All this, however, earned him the enmity of the young Bryaan.

Bryaan did not like the fact that his father favored the light-skinned lad over him. The emperor even nursed the hopes of conquest with the idea of leaving an heir to his empire in his grandson, rather than the "Prince of Seals". Bryaan, not one to waste time, decided his half-nephew had to go, and soon.

He played on something all his people had: Pride. A Sub-mariner just could not let his people down or show fear. One day as he and Namor were playing, an Antarctic storm broke on the ice shelf covering their world. Bryaan promptly challenged his "buddy" to stay out on the ice till the end of the storm. If his half-nephew backed down, Bryaan could call him a coward; if the boy went up, the malicious prince hoped the wind and savage animals would do the job he couldn't do himself. Namor, being proud even at an early age, paid no attention to his playmates' dissuading voices and rose onto the ice shelf.

The wind almost drove him back into the sea. Just as he felt he would have to turn up and return, a group of half-wild escaped sled dogs attacked him. At first he was taken by surprise at this savageness, but then anger and indignance took over. Namor fought back with as much ferocity as the dogs themselves. He defeated the animals, killing two and sending the others running. It was then that he realized, as he would prove many times in the future, that courage and bravado counted as much as natural prowess.

The storm was not over, but it was time to return to the sea and triumph. Surely Bryaan was frustrated, as he ever would be in the future, and his hate of his half-nephew was fanned. Princess Fen and her father, the emperor, had yet another reason to be proud of the young Namor.

Not much else can be learned of the youthful Sub-Mariner's childhood.

cousins. Tavorn and Doman, who were [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

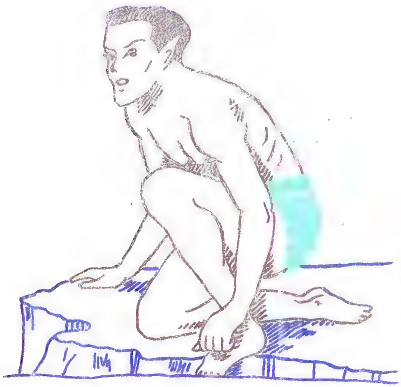
had to remain there constantly. Then another factor came into the picture. Policewoman Betty Dean, blonde and with a "friendly persuasion" reminiscent of Princess Fen, ended the fight in a truce. Namor agreed at last to be a friend to landsmen and work for peace. But it was not to last.

The war came, and with it, the depth charge. Namor, seeing his people's decimation and suffering, again declared war on surface men. This time there would be no truce! The landsmen must pay! The king of the sea mobilized his forces, with all their weapons and power, and again stormed New York. And again the Human Torch was there to meet him, more angry then before. If that was the way Namor felt, then there would be no truce and open war - but it would be Namor who would lose! This time he wouldn't return to trouble anyone again!

The first round went to the sea lord, who captured the Torch and Toro, and for a while made the Torch help him. But when the firebrand came out of it, he was like one insane - perhaps he remembered when evil men had used him for their own purposes, before he could control his flame. He fell on the forces of the Sub-mariners with all his might and red hot flame. The sea force fell back, and Namor's one-man flier was crashed on the Statue of Liberty. The Torch went inside after him. At the top the two enemies met face to face. Now indeed the menace of the Avenging Son would be ended for all time!

But the synthetic man had something foreign to his kind: Compassion. His anger spent, he would not kill the sea lord. So moved was Namor by this that he was again reformed!

The credit for original Namor art and storying goes to Bill Everett in the "Sub-Mariner" strip and magazine; and in Torch adventures to Carl Burgos.



The young Namor on the ice shelf above his home. This was drawn in the Fifties, when the revived Avenging Son was for some reason minus the wings formerly found on his ankles. Winged, it is this style of Namor that appears today.

THE SUB-MARINER

By Paul E. Moslander

After his conversion to evil, Namor lost no time in making up for lost time. He had been a villain, but his popularity increased. He remained one of Timely's most unique characters throughout the majority of the War years. Then Spider-Man is today, the sub-Mariner was then a mercurial man, unpredictable, dynamic, and crowding with zooks action. With the Human Torch and Captain America, he controlled the Timely roost.

Now, alone and with the help of the undersea subjects he fought the Nazis during the Second World War. Principally he bore down on the submarine fleet of the Axis powers. In addition to shooting torpedoes, dealing out-right defiance, capturing numerous submarines, destroying their vessels and doing much acts, he ferreted out spies and was the first column - giving the what-for on his grand style.

Toward the end of the conflict, he began to lose much of his touch. The reason was the absence of Bill Everett from the arts and everything. His somewhat triangular head became woefully distorted, his powers and personality scrambled, and stories little more than average. Fortunately, however, he was still in his prime for the last two of the incredible Torch-Namor fights.

Since the Sub-Mariner was now a card-carrying, hero, and threatened all immediate and fiery destruction should he change - not to mention the loss of Officer Betty Dean, his girl friend, human Torch did not Namor, but the Torch as the villain. This was done was accomplished by having the Japanese take over the fire-brand's mind, making him a something less than helpless tool of Nippon. Against him was, of course, Sub-Mariner, and to a lesser extent, Toro. The battle ended with the restoration of the Torch's mind and much misery for Japan.

The last of the epic fights between the old ally foes occured in HT 10. It marked the end of a grand old tradition, as well as the beginning of the ends of the old Human Torch, Toro, and Namor. With the changes in their staffing, not only the Sub-Mariner, but the Torch declined into mediocrity - at the least.

After 1944, loosely stated, the sea-king was an odd navy hero, with uniqueness mostly fled into the past - along with his power of flight, which was henceforth ignored. One of the solo unusual aspects of his tales afterwards was friend Betty Dean, whom you could find as a blonde or brunette, depending on the artist and inker. This more-often-than-not yellow-headed damsel was seen frequently in the life of Namor - who spent a good deal of time saving her from assorted fates (including death). The true point was, however, that the naughty Miss, a fine sea, hear of Atlantis, and prince of the Sub-Mariners was scarce to death of the wench. The bold bravado that had so colored the activities of the brash Namor was gone. Oh, certainly the Sub-Mariner was fearless, but not as casual about it as before. The zest he took in battle was gone with his flying days. Betty Dean aided this a lot, and had it coming to her when another blonde vamp set on the scene: Namora.

After having spent several years away from his underwater kingdom, Prince Namor revisited the old homestead to find his people and the victims of a gang of plunderers who had made off with their riches as well as lives. How the mighty, super-scientific race was conquered never was satisfactorily explained but the marauders managed to accomplish it - only they left a survivor: A white-skinned, wing-footed, golden-haired cousin of the Sub-Mariner known as Namora. The lass joined forces with her kinsman to track down and messily destroy the raiders, and from then on they were a team.

Namora added considerable spice to things with her numerous and exotically cut costumes, driving Betty Dean into the twilight - wherein she stayed strictly in the role of partner and cousin those few years from her birth, in 1947, to the dissolution of superheroism in the Marvel line in 1949. I am not sure. For a brief while she had her own comic, featuring "Mystery! Actual Thrilling Romance."

1953 saw the return of the Torch, Toro, Capt. Marvel, and Namor. For a while the Sub-Mariner and his blonde "constant companion" kept on where they had left off. Then suddenly, Namor reverted to his old ways - or as far as he was

would allow. He deceived his sends with the upper world - with the exception of a moderate passion for Betty Dean - and returned to the Antarctic to sulk with his people. Though officially aloof from the affairs of men, he found considerable employ in smashing Communist plots and such - the favorite pastime of all the [illegible]. In [illegible] a [illegible] found [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] she had developed an idea that the king of the sea needed a consort - herself. [illegible] a powerful [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

UNDER THE AXE

By Paul E. Moslander

NOTE: The Edward E. Smith review scheduled for this issue has been postponed due to the recent developements mentioned in "Notes and Notices". Instead, the subject of this review is another past-master of the art of writing science fiction. He has been said to combine "the complexity of Melville with the imagination of H.G. Wells," and that "establishing a new pace for brilliancy of narration and a new high mark for originality of conception, each of his books has instantly been recognized as an imaginative classic." He is A.E. VAN VOGT.

Alfred E. van Vogt was born in Canada in 1912. He recalls that for some reason it was generally taken for granted that he would become a writer. Never have any other serious desires, he naturally did so. His first pieces were far from the field he would eventually make his home in, however - they were mainly the "true confession" type of story so salable in our society. This background undoubtedly contribes to the great strength of characterization and empathy found in his work. Eventually, however, his imagination wandered back into the field he had utterly divorced himself from, even as to reading it, some years before.

"Black Destroyer", appearing in Astounding Stories, formally set off Van Vogt's career in SF-dom. He soon made good that statement that each of his works is a classic, and I defy anyone to publicly proclaim that any one work is his best without being fed to the nearest coeurl by equally opinionated partisans rallying around some other of his tales.

As near as can be determined, Van Vogt's "secret" lies in six main facets of his work:

A) He has an excellent command of the English language and its literary usage. In any field, as will be mentioned, he would be heralded as a true master. Science fiction and its followers may feel fortunate that they have received the bulk of his efforts, rather than historical fiction, detective stories, "mainstream" fiction, or nurse novels (The latter of which Anthony Boucher assures me is quite a lucrative field). His style is also excellently adaptable to playwriting, or the creation of movie and TV scenarios, and we might be able to look forward to either a dramatization of his works, or something wholely new created for the media.

B) He has an excellent imagination - which, in science fiction, almost goes without saying.

C) There is a unique plausability to his writings. This is aided - and, in fact, compounded - by the other facets of his style, but finds invaluable help in his treatment of science. Never does something seem too fantastic when done by Van Vogt. He goes into a phenomenon to enough depth so that you are half-convinced its not only possible, but actuals and he leaves you there, not going too far into verbosity over it, or dragging in ideas that could be shot to pieces by the next edition of Scientific American. This shows an amazing restraint unusual in those authors who do more than simply say "hyper-space" or "teleportation" trusting you to know what they're talking about.

D) The action is continually going on - not, however, with Burroughsian minuteness in details. Trivia is dispensed with to give a fast pace to events, but he still has "frequent flashes of vivid description" giving grandeur and reality to things.

E) There is the unexpected and delightfully unusual. In his recent novel, The Beast, Van Vogt successfully builds up the character of Jim Pendrake in the first four chapters - witho t sacrificing any action, either -, till the reader thinks he knows Pendrake from the stump of his missing arm to his separated wife. Then, whamo! Chapter Five opens with Pendrake having a totally different past, two arms, a loving - and different - wife, and being of the vitalest interest to the President of the United States. This does as much to shake the reader and pick up interest as does the death of Gilbert Gosseyn not a quarter of the way through The World of Null-A. The sudden impact of the unknown, mysterious, and unguessable, as well as the confoundingly unusual, maintains a steady level of interest and frank, stark wonder. It delights utterly and leaves you begging for more.

#1 The principal character, whether an utterly inhuman crystalline robot, or a very human being, or a still quite human superman, achieves an empathy and [illegible] not only [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A listing of the novels of A.E. van Vogt

Key to series: N-A = Null-A; L = Linn; I = Isher
Also under consideration will be given to the standard title to each book.
Books found in ACE paperbacked editions only are marked: ACE

Slan (1946)
Book of Ptath (1947)
The World of A (1948) N-A
(The World of Null-A)
Out of the Unknown (1948)
Voyage of the Space Beagle (?)
(Fleet of Interplanetary)
The House That Stood Still (1950)
Masters of Time (1950)
-Contains "Masters of Time" and
-"The Changeling"
(Earth's Last Fortress, for masters)
Weapon Shops of Isher (1951) I
Away and Beyond (1952

Destination: Universe (1952)
The Mixed Men (1952)
(Mission to the Stars)
The Pawns of Null-A (1956) N-A ACE
Empire of the Atom (1956) I
The Mind Cage (1957)
War Against the Rull (1959)
The Wizard of Linn (1962) L ACE
The Violent Men (1962)
The Beast (1963)
Seige of the Unseen (?) ACE
The Universe Maker (?) ACE
The Weapon Makers (1952 - 1947)" I
(One Against Eternity)

*The proper date is unsure. What is is a sequel to Weapon Shops is of incidental importance.
NOTE: "Seige of the Unseen" and "The Universe Maker" have been given out of sequence since their dates are unknown, they fall before War Against the Rull, however.

In response to requests, we here publish a listing of known fanzines of interest to Edgar Rice Burroughsphiles:

The Burroughs Bibliophiles put out a collection of zines, and may be contacted through: Rita Cornell, 665 Locust, Kansas City 31, Missouri
ERB-dom is an excellent zine published by Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 2350 East Contour Drive, Baton Rouge 9, Louisiana.
The Burroughs Reader is a special associate to the Burroughs Bibliophiles, gotten for 35¢ by writing to Lake R. Broadhurst, 256 East 10th St, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401

Other ERB organizations may be contacted by screaming the victory cry of the great apes vigorously down Tarzan Lane. Careful! The standard cry in movies is a mating call!)

C O M I N G - - -

By Sherman Howard Jr.

A foot kicked the corpse over roughly.

" It's him all right, " a voice said.

" Yes, " agreed another. " I'd have been surprised if it wasn't. "

The second voice belonged to Anderton Jefferys, Chief of Internal Security. The dead man was Heath Lawson, agent head of the Department of Internal Security.

" Shall we go, boss? " asked operative #44. Sally Bratton.

" There's nothing more we can do here. "

As the motor of the Rolls Royce whined, the two men inside talked.

" That's four of the top agents lost inside of three months. They were all 'L' men, too. There's more to this than meets the eye. " He gave a short chuckle. " There always is. "

" What's the pitch, boss? You never told us 'A' man anything. Besides, what's the difference between us and the 'L's, anyhow? "

" They're better trained, more efficient, and more capable than others. You 'A's are expendable; the 'L's aren't. And, they ask fewer questions. "

Gratton took the slap in stride in silence. Jefferys' thoughts turned to the problem at hand. A Chinese racketeer calling himself Mai Lu Chen, and claiming to be a former mandarin, had been deported five years ago as an undesirable alien after proven to be a member of a opium smuggling ring. He was now back in the country, and reports had been made that new opium coming on him. He appeared to be big, and so Jefferys had acted accordingly. I sent four men to find out where and what he was, he thought, and they all turn up dead. I want results, not corpses!

The small car rolled up in front of D.I.S. Headquarters. The two men were swallowed up by the cavernous marble building. As Jefferys opened the door to his office, a strange sight greeted him. A man in archaic evening dress, complete with cane and velvet-lined cape, sat on the desk reading.

" What the devil! Who are you and how'd you get in here? " Jefferys demanded.

The stranger looked up slowly. When he spoke his voice was soft, but had a tone of authority that instantly commanded respect. His accents were unusual, and English precise. " I am a man who wants to help you. I prefer to remain anonymous, but you may call me 'The Vampire' - though I assure you I am far from being one. As to how I entered your office - observe. "

There was a flash of light where the man sat. The smoke of the soundless explosion dispersed save for a wisp that hung stubbornly in the corner.

" Where - where'd you go? " Asked the bewildered Jefferys.

That same soft voice echoed hollowly now. " I am here. You see me as smoke now. In this vaporous form I entered through your ventilator, then solidified like this. "

There was another soundless explosion and the man called the Vampire again stood on the floor.

" I realised you would have problems concerning the Mandarin Mai Lu Chen. " he said, " and I wish to help. As foul a man as he must not be allowed to run rampant. "

Dazed Jefferys said: " What can I say after that demonstration? You certainly have your chance, Vampire. I hope you bring in the goods. "

" As you shall see, I certainly shall. "

The Vampire's smoke form drifted over it and up the ventilator grill in the wall.

Night in the foreboding streets of Chinatown...

Inside the Golden Dragon, a cheap restaurant, two Orientals sat conversing with a figure hiden in the shadows.

" We are here, oh mighty mandarin, and we await your commands. "

" Most excellent, Ching Lee and Lu Sang. There is a one - a man - who is a threat to my operations, and must be done away with. "

" You have but to tell me [illegible]."

" Lift the sugar bowl in front of you. Do it carefully, for it contains an herb powder that swells the throat, causin, rapid strangulation..."

The lights in the apartment came on. The Vampire stepped in, placing his cape carefully on the back of a chair and dropping his cane into its stand.

It's late. And warm, he thought to himself as he switched on the air conditioner.

A cloud of [illegible] and finally sank to the floor. Bo Tang emerged from the [illegible] joined by Chin Lee. They bent over the fallen form of the Vampire. In a flash the Caucasian erupted into violent action. He slashed out in a judo cut, dropping one of his enemies instantly. He whirled quickly [illegible] the other and [illegible] neck. He found them and the Chinese went limp, collapsing in a heap.

The other man rushed him, a fireplace poker in his hands. He was thrown in perfect judo style. As he rose shakily, a sharp pain dug into his back. The Vampire was behind him, applying pressure to his nerve center.

" The next time - if there be one -, be careful not to spill that red powder over the floor. " He took the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

put the curse of smoke upon me. That was over one hundred years ago, but since smoke cannot age, I am immortal. I finally learned the secret of regaining human body, and now I can transform myself at will...like this! " The voice suddenly echoed from outside the door, which Mai Lu Chen's men had not held tightly enough. With a flash of light he stood in the room.

" Surprised, fiend? Now we shall battle on evener terms! "

For the first time the Vampire saw his adversary. The Mandarin Mai Lu Chen was seated on a throne carved in the shape of a flower. He was a squat, paunchy man with a face drawn up in lines of sudden hatred and rage. His robes were dark blue, and a flaming red skullcap surmounted his round head.

" Rash Western fool! Did you think to find Mai Lu Chen unready? Chaing! Bring my dream stone. Ling! Snoi! Combat him. "

At once the two men named leaped forward, wicked, curved daggers drawn. [illegible] and toppled him into his partners. The man cried out and flailed his arms as the other's dagger ripped into him. His own weapon slashed a crimson rent in the shiny cloth of his unwitting killer. As the dying Oriental fell to the floor, the other bounded over him. Blood drained down his side, but still he came on. The underlings of Mai Lu Chen knew only too well the price of disobedience or cowardess!

The Princess came on the Vampire's command, [illegible] at the last possible second his [illegible]

The third minion, Chaing, disappeared [illegible] stone - actually a [illegible] was the [illegible] [illegible] the Vampire solidified over the bones of the stone.

The crystal flew from Chaing's hands to [illegible] fingers outward, inward into glittering dust. The Mandarin's [illegible] the man he had dreamed [illegible]

" And now for you, Mai Lu Chen! " the Vampire's voice crackling like a [illegible] lightening.

" Never, foreigner! Accept [illegible] can it not? " The Mandarin held the nozzel of a glass spray-gun in his hands.

" You won't like to find a out, friend! " The scourge of evil stepped [illegible] out of his enemy's hand and [illegible] the [illegible] from his throne.

" Take your filthy [illegible] from me, fiend! I am the monarch Mai Lu Chen! You are not fit to kiss my [illegible]! " The villain arested himself [illegible] but staggered over the body of the servant, [illegible]. With a thin scream he fell into the very pit of scorpions he had threatened the Vampire with!

The man was [illegible] himself the [illegible] in his apartment. He sipped an iced drink and smiled [illegible]. He was [illegible] that one evil ways of Mai Lu Chen were finished at last. Yet he [illegible] life was a vain illusion.

Have we truly seen the end of the villainous mandarin? Only time and a future tale of the Vampire will tell! Watch for it!

* * * * *

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THE GENESIS OF EVIL : CHAPTER IV

By Victor Baron

The secret Soviet research center of Atomgora - "Atomic mountain" - housed the bulk of Iron Curtain radiological equipment. One device was an experimental X-ray tube, one of the most powerful in the world. It had performed well during its tests, however, it could well melt, explode, crack, or otherwise fail under the stress of long radiological experiments. So, one expendable worker was detailed to watch the tube while it was given a series of increasingly longer test runs. After each such test he would then examine the entire machine for flaws.

Heavily swathed in cadmium-lead cloth, and peering through leaded glass, Sergei Ulyanov - a distant relation of Vladmir Ilich Ulyanov, or Lenin - took his position at what he imagined to be a safe distance from the tube. As he watched, the blood almost imperceptably draining from his head in nervous fear, the device glowed with preliminary voltage. The heavy glass tube, the magnetic rings girdling it to constrain the electrons producing X rays, and the intricate cathode-anticathode devices were chillingly alive with luminescence.

Fortunately for Ulyanov's peace of mind, he did not know that the rays produced by the machine were in a critical, unexplored area of the electromagnetic spectrum. They were neither too "hard" to pass through protoplasm as if it did not exist, nor too "soft" to do noticable damage. Their effects were unknown - and perhaps would remain so until Ulyanov's autopsy if anything went wrong.

" Are you ready, Comrade Ulyanov? " Crackled the voice of the physicist in charge of the tests. The worker smiled weakly to himself and replied, " Da. "

The tube crackled with man-made lightening as the charge began to course though it. The voltage was built up in steps to avoid an immediate overload, and at each soft, explosive "step", Ulyanov winced. Slowly it progressed until the full power of the transformers utilized for the machine poured through the X-ray tube.

X rays are produced by bombarding an anticathode, or target, with high-power electrons in an evacuated tube. The target is constructed so that the quantic rays produced travel at right angles to the initial electron beam. The rays in this instance traveled directly away from Ulyanov, who was half-blinded by the associated pyrotechnics. Then...

The anticathode target began to disintegrate under the bombardment of electrons. As it crumbled, molecule by molecule, the X ray beam slowly swung in an arc towards Ulyanov and the cathode firing out the inconceivable voltage.

The first indication that anyone had of anything going wrong came as the potent X rays beam came into direct opposition to the flow of electrons from the cathode. The indication was an explosion that split the tube wide open, sucking in air greedily to feed a radiological inferno breaking loose within. A second explosion occured on the tail of the first, so that the force of the two combined.

The violence of the twin blasts hurled Ulyanov halfway across the chamber. For one long, agonizing, eternal moment he was bathed in the full fury of radiation gone mad - then it ceased and he was caught in a rain of molten conductors flying from a third and final explosion.

Ulyanov woke to an infernal itching that seemed to originate inside his body and work its way out to his skin. The agony was so intense that he would have clawed his flesh insanely had he not been strapped hand and foot to a hospital bed. He writhed and cursed, seeking to sooth the fire that raged within, until finally a hypodermic needle brought blessed sleep.

" From the indications, he has a severe case of over-exposure to radiation. We must keep him under constant sedation, or the pain might drive him mad. His nerves are composed of delicate neurons that react violently to such mistreatment. "

" I see, doctor. Quite interesting. The rays penetrated his suit, then. We shall have to work on our protective clothing. Too bad about him, he was a good worker. Well, you may have him now. "

And have him the Atomgora infirmary did. For a full year he was kept dead to the world in narcotic slumber.

" Hmmm. This intravenous formula you are giving him has an abnormally high degree of iron in it. Is that necessary? "

" Quite, Comrade Cherenkov. He has an incredible iron-deficient system. It sheds iron at an amazing rate - but, then, he was the victim of radiation over-exposure. As his history shows, he was involved in an X-ray tube accident. "

" Excellent! Have him readied for removal to the research hospital at Stalingrad. We have many interesting radiation cases, but this one is unique. All the others suffer from exposure to nuclear material. It is a rare find to see one so affected by X rays. I shall give him my personal consideration. "

Thus Sergei Ulyanov was transported to Stalingrad, where he was put under the supervision and influence of Dr. Andrei Cherenkov. The doctor was one of the Soviet Union's greatest researchers into the treatment of radiologically caused disorders - a man of such dedication he would willingly sacrifice a patient to contribute to science and his profession.

The first thing Cherenkov did was to try and rouse Ulyanov to full consciousness. It failed. He had been under heavy sedation for so long that his body was nearly cataleptic - and in fact almost catatonic, for his mind was distant and unreachable.

Cherenkov gradually went up the scale of stimulant and graduated to chemical shock. Nothing working, he finally arranged a kill or cure electro-shock treatment to wake the patient up. Unfortunately, it did not go as planned.

Normally a patient is given a series of electrical shocks to various areas of his body, including the brain, in the attempt to revive him. In this case a wire short-circuited, delivering in one sudden charge maximum current to each electrode on and in Ulyanov's body. The flesh seared, nerves screamed, and muscles reacted in an involuntary spasm that hurled the Soviet from the treatment table and on top of the electro-shock machine. The air rang with his scream.

Though it had been shorted dead, the machine still was connected to a heavy source of electrical power, and as it smashed under the impact of Ulyano's body, the full force of some three thousand volts coursed through him.

Ulyanov recoiled blindly from the blazing device to fall limply on Dr. Cherenkov. A circuit was formed, and the astounded Cherenkov was instantly electrocuted. His victim-patient twitched convulsively on top of him.

In a specially constructed tank, the seared and blasted, yet still living body of Sergei Ulyanov floated in a nutrient saline solution. Air was forced into his lungs by a mechanical respirator, for every inch of him was emersed in the thick, swirling fluid.

" Truly amazing! It is a miracle he lived, let alone begun regrowth of damaged tissue! The imbalance of chemicals in his metabolism is almost frightening, though. He has absorbed enough iron to kill several men - and shed enough calcium to destroy his bones, teeth, and cartilage. Yet that is not all! " Dr. Arcady Arcadivish shook his head over the Ulyanov case folder. He was the successor to Dr. Cherenkov, and understandably was interested in this unique case.

" I would hesitantly predict that if he maintains his growth rate - or, rather, regrowth rate, he will be almost back to normal within two years. "

It took three years, but the dry finally dawned when Sergei Ulyanov was no longer a mangled mass of scar tissue and raw flesh. True, his leathery skin shone slick like scar tissue, however there were no seams or livid areas to insult the eye. No more there weren't.

By now Ulyanov was the sensation of the Soviet medical journals. His slow regrowth from half-dead pulp to a whole and thoroughly alive - if still slumbering - body had thunderstruck medical men throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. That his recovery was proceeding along radically different lines of chemical make-up only added frosting to the cake.

Eventually, as the body ceased repair and lay in it entirity, it was suggested that he be revived. Warily Arcadivish approached the matter.

Perversely enough, Ulyanov responded to the third stimulant injected into his veins. After over four years of complete unconsciousness and unuse, he at last woke - to rock the Communist and free worlds.

It was slow work to bring a body which had not eaten in ~~six~~ four years, nor normally breathed in three, back to "normal" health. The muscles were mostly sagging flab that scarcely responded to stimulus. However, at the end of an unbelievably short six months, Sergi Ulyanov was at last in ~~xxxxx~~ condition as close to normal as he could ever come. But:

His bones were over eighty percent metalic iron;

His muscle-tendon structure was capable of exerting over six thousand pounds of force in each arm, and twice that in each leg;

His reaction time was nearly one tenth that of the average human being;

His body could withstand the impact of one ton or its force equivalent without damage - not even bruising -;

His diet consisted of synthetic chemical "foods" created especially for him, since he could not maintain his body on natural foodstuffs.

Sergei Ulyanov was a superman.

In the Soviet Union, as in any part of the world, a superman does not go unnoticed or unrewarded. During a gothic May Day celebration, the Supreme Soviet conferred upon Ulyanov a retroactive colonelship in the Red Army, dated from the dye of his accident; he was awarded thirteen separate military orders, decorations, and medals; and he was proclaimed to the world as a national hero and " another in the Soviet people's great human arsenal of peace! "

It was from that latter phrase that a genius on the Pravada staff tagged him with a name that became officials Peace Man.

In declaring him a colonel of the Red Army, the Supreme Soviet also created a special military devision made of up two hundred and one men and women - two hundred specialists, scientists, and workers, and one Sergei Ulyanov. Ulyanov was, of course, the commanding officer, responcible only to his superiors in the Red Army hierarchy, the Council of Ministers, and the Communist Part Presedium - it was never cleared up who had the greater juristiction over him.

Ulyanov's usual garb consisted of a military uniform with suitable insignia and decorations. At his broad belt hung two fourty-four calibre machine pistols, which he fired with a deadly accuracy, despite the usual erratic bucking of such automatic weapons. He also carried emergency packets of his specially compounded rations, and a small, but powerful radio transmittor constantly broadcasting his location.

The Peace Man was prepared for anything.

* * * * *

In his plush office, Colonel Ulyanov received a folder of top secret information. For several long months a revolt had bee going on in Hungary, apparently led by an almost inhuman, and certainly super-human individual referred to officially as " The Killer " - and unofficially by his countrymen as "The Nemesis of Evil". Specific information had long been lacking about this superman, who was reported to drink the blood of fresh corpses, defy bullets, snap men in two, et cetera. This needed information was finally supplied by Dr. Franz Calari, a Party member more than glad to aid the glorious Cause when he received suitable reward.

The man was the Baron Wilhelm von der Magyar, the nosferatum, or Undead, who had vowed to drive Red tyranny from his country. Ulyanov was assigned to find and capture or destroy Von der Magyar.

Smiling contentedly, the colonel checked his machine pistols. Here was a task worthy of him! No more dull banquets and idiot speeches; no more submitting to endless tests and examinations - now at last he had an opportunity to put his talents to use! Now the Peace Man would show those capitalistic war-mongers what it meant to oppose the Party!

In the burst of his enthusiasm, a long-familiar headache broken upon him, and the Herculean Ulyanov crumpled with his head in his hands, tried to blot out the agony that seared his brain.

CHAPTER III in the next issue of Jeddak

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